

A resurrection in north-west Iran (imagined)

Mamanbozorg splits threads in the Caspian sun. We hear again
her rusted tongue speak, weave, paint carpets Persian. Here again,

the lambs she lamed raise their heads at the sound of her song.
Her *roosari* dances. She calls to a God who answers, and cheers again:

Golgaz. Sweet flowers shed thorns and burst through dry soil to
carpet her feet. Sunlight holds her. She won't disappear again.

Under a pall of flour she kneads. Births *naan* and cherry wine.
Saffron, rose and thyme crescendo in her mouth. She feels again,

moves to the city where her children grew with the mountains.
Dusk breaks. She toddles the *ninis* to the park. Happy tears again.

She crosses the world and wonders if it's faith keeping the plane
adrift. A runway of stars lead her to us. The skies clear again.

Baba gets a chance to say goodbye but won't. Not again. She makes space
for me beside her on our living room floor and says "*Nasim, bia inja*" - come here, again.

<i>Mamanbozorg</i>	grandma – a colloquial and affectionate term
<i>Roosari</i>	headscarf worn by Iranian women
<i>Golgaz</i>	my grandmother's name
<i>Naan</i>	bread
<i>Ninis</i>	English plural of the Persian word for baby/young one
<i>Baba</i>	dad
<i>Bia inja</i>	come here